

THE
R U M P

Examin'd; With It's

SECRETS

Discover'd, and laid open:

SETTING FORTH,

It's random Proceedings, dark Doings, Points
strain'd, dirty Work, many Divisions, Fallings out, fresh
Supplies, Reports spread abroad, Military Affairs, Back-
wardness in Proceedings, Misapplications, Miscarriages,
and Downfall: And how far Holland was nearly con-
cern'd in it's Affairs.

Recommended to the Perusal of

ALL the FREE-HOLDERS of Great B-----

By a Faithful REPORTER of the CASE.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur Invidiâ. Mart.

Enter'd in the Hall-Book.

L O N D O N:

Printed by A. MOORE, near St. Paul's, and Sold
by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.
1722.

Price Six Pence. 68

B. 2007.22.713

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OF F. L. GAY

APR 1, 1918



TO THE
READER.



I AM going to open a dark Scene! to reveal to you the Secrets of the RUMP (a Subject of a nice Nature to be handled) and, upon Examination of it's several Proceedings, to unravel, and set forth, in open Day-light, the naked Truth of all it's Transactions; for the Benefit of the Publick: As being necessary to be known by every Body.

And (not to mince the Matter, upon this Affair) have resolved to out with it, boldly, at all Events; For Truth ought not to be conceal'd, shame-faced, or afraid.

I shall keep close to the Point, (without Digression from the Subject) 'till I sift the whole Matters of Fact, and search into the Depths, and very Bottom of it's hidden Passages; and explain (to the weakest Capacity) an open, faithful, and just Account of it's various, and surprizing Ways of Procedure; with the Consequences attending.

It was requisite in the Composition of this Essay (to make it answer it's End, more fully) to intersperse, not only the Character of TOBY (for so we chuse to call him) a noted Sitting Member, and of his Accomplices, and Confederates; But also to account for their

To the Reader.

their several Principles and Employments: And (by tracing 'em, respectively, Step by Step, in every Article, through all their MEASURES) to make an ample Discovery of the Manner how they discharg'd themselves; the many Misbehaviours and Faults they were guilty of, and the Bye Ways, and Means of their being perpetrated; What a Noise, and a Rout, they made in the World; How they became Burthensome, and gave Uneasinesses; And what Resentments ensued thereupon: The like never before published, and made known to the World.

You have here, not only an exact Account of their dark, and secret Doings, within Doors; but likewise how their Endeavours abroad proved Abortive; and what indifferent Treatment they met with in IRELAND; where their Efforts were frustrated, and brought to Nothing: With the Manner of their being concerned in UPSAL, CLEVES, PORTLAND, HAMBOROUGH, &c. GLAMORGAN, BANGOR, PORTSMOUTH, the ISLE of MAN, &c. And how HOLLAND was concerned in several Offices: With other curious Amusements.

As the Subject Matter of the Case in Hand is of general Use; I cou'd not help communicating the Contents of the following Sheets, for the Good of my Countrymen; whom I shall keep in Suspence, no longer in Preamble; but entertain 'em with the real Fact, which will speak for it's self.



THE



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It is absolutely necessary (before the *Mysterious Passages*, relating to this important Subject, are explained, and the *Secrets* of the *Rump* laid open,) to specify the *Deeds of Darkness* in which *TOBY* (a *Sitting Member*, of *GREAT Note*) has been, peculiarly, concerned; And to set forth, in this *Under-taking*, the natural *In-stink't*, *De-Scent*, *Rank*, *Conu-arse-ation*, *Blind-Sides*, *Runnings out*, *hard Cases*, *pressing Occasions*, *Dis-gusts*, *slippery Tricks*, *Extra-vagancies*, *Dis-arse-firs*, *Back-slidings*, *narrow Escapes*, with other *Passages*, and (at long Run) *Ex-spireation*, and sad

Cat-ar-se-trophy, and manner of being *In-t-rd* of *Monsieur le FART*, and his two Brethren *Messieurs le FIZZ---*, and *le POOP*.

TOBY, was known by his *peculiar Grim-a-se*: He look'd *bluff*, and *jolly*, and his *Cheeks* were *puff'd up*, like a *Trumpeter*; but he had been *bald* from his *Cradle*, and never had any *Teeth*; yet he was a *great Spokesman*, and had a *Voice* like a *Speaking-Trumpet*, and good *Flesh and Blood* about him; but it was the greatest *Affront* in the *World* to ask any one *tokifs* him.

He had no *curious Shape*, but was a *meer Bundle of Farts*; he was, a little, upon the *Strutt*, and had a sort of a *jumbling-wabbling-jirking* in his *Gate*, and so you might know him, by his *Back-side*. He'd sometimes look as if *Butter* wou'd not melt in his *Mouth*, at other times with a *gruff A-se-pect*, stand *gaping* like a *Booby*, and look as if he cou'd not help it, or (in plain English) as if he had been *besht*.

He was *most-an-End Incog*; loved *privy-Retirements*, wou'd frequent *Bye waies* and *Means* and had not seen much of the *World*. He was a good *Horseman* enough, but when he used to ride to *Rump-ford*, he was obliged to hold fast behind, and, when ever he went abroad, he'd go *veiled*, or else *muffled up* in a *Cloak*, with his *Face* all covered (either through his *innate Bashfulness*, or for fear of catching the *Chin-cough*) and when he happened to appear, by chance, *bare-fac'd*, in publick, People wou'd make A WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS OF it, and cry out-*Did you ever see the like?* as if they had never seen any such thing, in their w-hole Life. *Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum!*

TOBY had a natural *Antipathy* to *Birch*, and tho' he had been often tickl'd, at School, it did not

not please him, nor make him look a bit merryer, about the Gills.

He was a bullying fellow, but was forc'd, sometimes, to stand Kick and Cuff.

He'd often mis-apply himself, be guilty of Mistakes, and filthy Doings, and in his Squirts of Fancy by opening his Mouth, beyond Discretion, wou'd throw out Blunders by hole-sale.

He was full of his Humours, had abundance of Fiddle cum F-ts, and Sh-en cum Sh-tes; but at such times he'd open his Snuff-Box; and twitch you by the Nostrills, without troubling you to say CONDESCENTIA SEIGNIOR.

He took a great deal of Freedom, but often misplac'd his Favours, and wou'd under do it, or over do it; by which means, he exposed himself, and came off bespatter'd, and upon such critical Occasion, he'd behave himself so-so.

He was so foul mouth'd, and carried himself so like a meer Bum-kin, that he became Ob-nock-sious, and was accounted a nasty Beast; for he did all under him. He was so unmannerly, that he'd often trans-gress the Rules of Civility, and common Decency, in spite of any ones Nose, which made no body salute him; nay, he'd often turn Tail to the Ladies, but his Education, being mostly in Holland, excused it.

Those who observ'd his Conv-arse-ation (which was in Low-Dutch) could find nothing in it but Emptiness, He was full of Wind as a pair of Bel-lows, and when he used any Ex-pressions, his Arguments were not always weighty. He was Shit-le-brain'd, and his Ex-trumpery Compliments were so fulsom, that they became nauseous, and when he open'd his Mouth, his Breath was, sometimes, enough to poyson one; Which he urged as an Argument of his being w-hole-some.

He was ay-arse to SECRETS, in *some*uch that he cou'd not keep what he had; but was ready to burst, or run over, 'till he laid himself open, for (unless he was strictly bound to the contrary) he wou'd out with it, of his own Accord. Having a treacherous Memory, he cou'd not retain any thing long; especially, if he was fully purged. He had no retentive Faculty, and wou'd make an open Discovery, of so foul a Nature, that every one might smell it out; but he cou'd not help it, nor keep it to himself.

He had a World of Cares, and was often in Motion, but was forced to be upon the Watch, being to that End advised by his Friends, Take Care what you do. - Haste often makes waste, with other w-hole-some Cautions; As, not to sit too long in the House which he often went to, and was a sitting Member in.

Nevertheless, he had frequent Mis-carriages, and was put often to his Trumps, and to his Shifts. He had a Fall to the Ground, between two Joynt Stools, and 'twas the Surgeon's Opinion, he wanted to be new-bottom'd, but he happen'd not to be loose, or else he'd have been often lost.

He was used to working, and often hardly put to't; he was one while a Scavenger, a Holder-forth, a Fart-ologer, an In-hole-der, a Haber-dasher of small Wares; he was also a Dealer in such Sort of Trump-eries, as you cou'd not tell, how many of 'em went to an Ounce. He wou'd make lumping Pennyworths (when he was in a good Humour.) He was likewise an Up-holder, or Up-hole-stirrer, a follower of the Law, and Housekeeper, and Cash-keeper, to Monsieur le FART, and his Family, and admitted into the Company of the Free-Masons.

He loved to give himself Ease, as Occasions offered, in different Postures; but was hugely delighted

ed (so as he cou'd scarcely contain himself) if he was carried, from the Rainbow Coffee, in a BY-FIELD, to take the Air, and there, have a Sallad given him, for he was a sort of a SIMPLER; And some say SAL. VOL. OL. is a Spirituous liquid F-T, and a Quint-Essence extracted from S. H. or Dung Humane, and thereupon becomes Homogeneousal.

He was sometimes for savingness, and bringing his Matters into a narrow Compass; tho' he had an Income sufficient to support him all the Days of his Life, but he had been often wiped FOR ALL THAT. He'd sometimes squeeze hard for a Fart-hing, for he had a World of People that lived upon him, and were a great Burthen to him.

But, tho' he was a little rough hewn, (as has been described) and has been play'd upon by several Authors, he wanted only to be lick'd over a little, and made polite. For, notwithstanding all his Imperfections, No-body cou'd be without him, and some have, all along, paid him a great deal of Re-gard, and set a Cushion for him whenever he comes; and he has had the Honour to wait upon the finest Ladies, and be their Bedfellow, and, in several, parts of the World, to sit upon a THRONE.

Monsieur le FART was a brisk, airy, blustering Spark, of a volatile Disposition, and had a vast deal of Mercury in him; and made a great Rout in the World. He was never well but when in Motion, and was all-ways a PUNCTUM SALIENS, and continually wambling about, even in Embryo before he came to breathe in the World; Sub-sisting upon windy Diet, (as Roots and Pulse,) especially boild-PEASE-PUDDING, which is almost his Name-fake, being called in Latin COCTUM-FARTUM-Pisum or Pis-ace-um.

He

He came by *De-Scem*, and *Ex-tract* from *Loins* of the first *Note*, *Rank*, and *Dis-stinck-tion*, even of ancient Kings; which caused him to be often *vapouring*, and *bounce* of his *Pedi-gree*.

He was one of a *great Spirit*, and, in *Course*, could not *abide* to be *baulk'd*, but he was so *puff'd up*, he was *ready to burst*, and every body waited his *Downfall*.

He was born at *LANGUID-DOCK*, in *France*, a Place famous for the sweetest *Open-Arses*, or *Medlars* of the finest *Gouff*.

When he first *ooz'd* into the *World*, by *Report* he was *rapp'd* in his Mother's *Smock*. His Nurse was my Lady *CRACKENTHORP*, who (with *Arse-sistance* of a *bouncing Girl*, her Daughter *FANNY*) kept him *snugg*, and watched his *Motions*, as *Occasions offer'd*: Her Ladyship *nourish'd*, and made *much* of him, and she'd *let him* often to lie and *muzzle* between the *Sheets*; she'd sit and *diddle* him in her *Lap*, and *set him* on a *Cushion*, whereupon, some think, she *over-did it*; she us'd to *indulge him* *two too much*.

But she could not *quiet him* and *keep him still*, long; he'd every *now and anon*, *so bemoan himself*, most *sadly*, *sighing* and *sobbing*, *bawling* and *squawling*, and, at such times, wou'd often *besoul himself*, and his Nurse too.

She fed him (for he had no *Teeth*) mostly with *boil'd Roots*, (her Ladyship delighting very much in *Turn-ups* herself) she sat and *hatch'd him* up, and he soon grew *strong*, and a *Swinger*, and then he grew *unlucky*, and wou'd *play the Wag* with her; for he began to *speak plain* in a little time, and had *Sub-tile Parts* of his own: she'd, *some-times*, feel him *creeping*, and *tickling*, like a *Flea*, under her *Smock*, till she was *forc'd* to rise,
to

to shake the *Rump-les* (as it were) off her *Petticoats*, under which he'd often play at *Hoopers-bide*, and *tofs 'em up in his Airs*.

As Persons were sitting, he'd often come *slyly* behind 'em, and, afterwards, jump up into their *Laps*. His *Saucepan* wou'd often run over; he was a *pickled Youth*; if she had not kept him under, he'd have *flown in her Face*. If *scent* of an *Errand*, he wou'd cry, but never to come *Home* again. He was, always, *throwing at a Cock*, or *playing at Chuck-hole*; when once he got loose, he was come to that pass, that there was no *handling of him*. He was, then, but a *meer silly-Tone*, and had no *Presence of Mind*; he might have *beat his Brains out*, against a *Cane Chair* (if he had any) had it not been for a *Cushion* that took off his *Blow*.

When he happened to be *rude*, in *Company*, her *Ladyship* wou'd strive, all she cou'd, to *conceal* him, and *hide his Faults*, and *skreen him*, and, wou'd, often lay it upon her *Lap-Dog*, and wou'd, upon *Master le FART's Account*, often kick him from under the *Table*, and *Or-dure* him out of the *Room*; at other *Times* wou'd *scrape* with her *Foot*, *move her Chair* a little, *sneeze*, or the like, to *drown his Noise*.

However, for all she *fondled* him thus, he cou'd not *abide Confinement*. She often *strove*, in vain, to *keep him in*, and had him *pent up*, for a while, but, then, he caus'd a great deal of *Uneasiness*, and, in the *End*, when her *Ladyship* did all she cou'd, he was too *nimble* for her, and wou'd be *running out*, and *two and again*, and made *frequent Slips* from her, *whether she wou'd or no*; and when he was once got out, there was no *overtaking* him; he'd *whip by a backway*, before she was *aware of him*; but, to be *revenge*d

ged of him, he was no sooner out, but she soon shut the Back-Door against him: he might have kept in, while he was in, he'd have been so much the warmer.

But what gave her Ladyship the Vapours, was, he'd be in his Humours, and wou'd not go out, sometimes, when she wou'd have him; but she was resolv'd to fetch him out, if she cou'd. She'd endeavour to coax him abroad, and count it as a Favour, and give him Ginger-bread, and Orange Chips, but 'twou'd not do; so she was oblig'd to take a great deal of Pains, and thrust him out by Head and Shoulders.

Thus, he'd often play at fast, and loose with her, but he met with many a Re-puff, on that Score; and then he'd make an intolerable Noise, and Miss Fanny, by her Giggling, wou'd often encourage him in it; which made her Ladyship begin to look about her; but he'd come behind her, (so she cou'd not see him) and hide himself in a Hole; she felt for him, but cou'd not find him.

At last, he grew big enough to struggle with her, and had many Freaks; and was so wild, and unruly, she resolv'd (for Conveniency sake) to part with him; (besides he had defiled her Daughter Fanny) but, in the E-vent, she she gave him hole-some Advice---to take Care what he did, not to be too Ad-vent-Eurus, but to go on fair and softly, in his Proceedings, and So---in a bending Posture, her Ladyship took her leave of him, in hopes to hear from him every now-and then.

He was put to School at RUMP-FORD, near to Stiff-ford, and to another place, near t' Wat-ford, and had a Master, from Birching-Lane (to be usher'd into the World more refin'd in his Understanding, and to get the Start of others in point of E-ducation, and to improve his natural parts,
and

and breeding, and push him onwards in the World) he soon had a little smattering; and it was impossible to put him more forward than he was, for the more his Master endeavoured to put him forward, the more he'd be clean contrary, which shew'd a great deal of Backwardness!

His In-Speech in Accidents, being got through, he'd say his Lesson, without Book; his Master often made him repeat, which he quickly learned to do by Rote; but did it with a Tone. He was thoroughly versed in peircing, especially *Arse* in *presenti*, and cou'd there-out form his Verbs, as,

Findo fidi, Fundo fudi, Tundo tutudique.

Vado, rado, ledo, ludo, divido trudo.

Et strepo quod fromat strepui, Crepo quod crepui dat:

Hausi haustum, Sarsi sartum, Farsi quoque sartum:

A Rumpo, rupi, ruptum, &c.

Lilly's Gram-Air:

His Master looked over him, while he was doing his *Ex-arse-size*; which was full of *Inter-jections* of *Add-mire-ation*, out of *Textors Ep-h-istles*. He studied *Arse-trology*, and the *Dock-trine* of *Pythagor-arse*, with *Logick* (*quia Logica est Ars*) and was often in a *brown Study*; placed upon his Cane Chair he'd make (what the Learned call) an *A-cross-stick*. His *Poetick flights* and *strains* were *low sub-lime*. He made *Ve-arses*, in praise of the Nymph *Arf-in-oe*, and of *Polyphemus's blind Cheeks*; but he cou'd not tell how to put a stop to his *COLON*, and come to a *Period* * like

* N. B. In Anatomy Colon, is the *A-seGut*, as well as a Stop used in Orthography.

those who labour under the Distemper of a scribendi Cack-oethes.)

He was perfect at Addition, Sub-straction, Multiplication, Practice, the Rule of three, and Numbers; but he was apt to tell Tales out of School, and, by sides, was an errant Knave, wou'd often play Truant, take a Flirt, and go out without leave to go forth, or a *S-queezo da mihi veniam exeundi fore-ar-se*. He'd sometimes slide, and sneak along, softly, and get away, by stealth, giving his Master the Go-by, without being heard or mist. But if his Master took notice of him he'd take to his Heels, and fall a hollowing, and hooping like a wild thing.

His Master thought to take him in hand, and turn over a new Leaf with him, but he grew so headstrong, he cou'd not be kept within Bounds, so ungovernable that he cou'd not be managed; he got, one day, the whip hand of his Master, and had the Impudence to take him by the Nose.

He was curb'd; but grew surly, and so flew out, and ran away from his Parents; the loss had not been great, if he had never been heard of more; tho' they seem'd resolv'd to find him, if he was above ground, which they did, knowing his Voice; and there was he grumbling, and mumbling, and roaring, and crying, and bellowing, and making a Noise, with squeaking, and squealing, and skreaming as though he had been stuck. His Pappa threatened to knock his Brains out, and his Mother cry'd Did you ever hear the like, and threatned to lick his Backside for him, if she cou'd come at it; but on goes he without fear or wit, watches his Opportunity, when they had a Fit of sneezing, and slip from 'em unawares; He was no sooner gone, but 'twas in every body's Mouth, and they all cry'd out, Shame on't! However his Parents sent him Abroad.

There

There was another *Off-spring*, his Brother Fizz; who came into the World *before his Time*: He was a sad Creature, and but a sort of a *Whiffler*; he was a *low Flyer*; he made *little, or no Noise*, but a great deal of *Disturbance*, in the World.

Of all Places he hated *Glam-Organ Shire*; he was a *Pryer into Secrets*; but coming from the *Fagg-End of the World*, (or *Microcosm*) the more he *stirr'd*, the worse he *stunk*; he was very *flashy*, a meer *Under-ling*, an *Arse-in-ego*, and in Fact a *Nunquam poop*. He was, in short, a *filthy-fellow*, and had abundance of *nasty, sneaking Tricks*, and wou'd *stick at nothing*; he was a *very Dribbler*, and of *no Weight*.

He had a *low, faint Voice*, and a *Hesitation in his Speech*, with a *Lisping*; he'd *express himself only in Whiz-pers*, and never *speak out*, in plain English; sometimes, one cou'd *hardly hear him*, you'd think he was *Mum-Chance*. But he was *illnatur'd enough to hiss at the rest of the World*, tho' *far his Superiors*. His chief Employment was to *poysen the Fleas*.

He was taken *little, or no Notice of*; but was *smelt out by Men of Sense*, not to be *sound at Bottom*. He was always, *fretting and fuming*, being *over-run with Vapours*, for want of a good *Concoction*, he was troubled with an *ill Digestion*, and grew *weakly*.

He was very *thin*, and *slim*, even a *meer Shadow*, for all he belong'd to the *back-Kitchin*. He had a continual *Consumption*, and was *always sighing*, and every body thought he'd *come to nothing!*

Monsieur le Poop, the other Brother, was but a *Younker*, and a *very Shit-le-cock*; he was a *Fribbler*, a meer *Fiddle-Faddle*, a *Simple-Tone*, a *silly Poop-py*; But a *merry Mortal as ever breath'd*, and was always *tittering*.

He had not the Gift of *Continence*, but wou'd be frequently *flying out*. He was so *unlucky*, 'twas thought he'd come to an *untimely End*. Though he was Page of the *Back-Stairs*, he kept but *riff-raff-Company*.

By his *way of Proceedings*, he was reckon'd to be *Jack o' both sides*; but little came on't; for all that he did was *by-halves*. He had *una-countable Pranks*, when he was in his *Airs*.

He had but a *squeaking Voice* of his own, and spoke *thick, and three-fold*, and (as it were) in a *buddle*, with *stuttering*, and *stamme-ring*, as if he had had *Plumbs in his Mouth*; which *Impediment*, in his *Speech*, and being made *all of a Heap*, rendered him somewhat *ridiculous*.

He *narrowly escaped*, in his *Infancy*, from being *scalded to Death*, with a hot *Spoonfull of hasty Pudding*.

But to return to *Monsieur le FART*,

He came into *England a Refugee*, and took delight in several *Counties*, particularly *Bed-fart-shire, Break-nock, and Bangor*.

He had *Seats* at *Innerness* (near *Dr. Arse-skin*) at *Channel-Row, Smock-Ally, Pettycoat-Lane*, and at a little *House*, between the two *Hams*, near *Rump-fart* in *Ease-sex*, and at the *Devils Arse i' th' Peak*; his *Places of Abode* had all of 'em either a *Fountain*, or an *Aquaduct* before, and a good *Backside*, with convenient *Out-lets*: Or, to describe the situation more exactly, at the *back side of a Hill*, with a *Rill* at the *Bottom*.

He lov'd *Change of Air*, and was a great *Rambler*, and *Wanderer* from place to place; Having been *turned out* into the wide world (as a *Vagabond*) he was afraid of *pressing*; and so he went in a *Vessel*, just furnish'd from the *Arse-nal*, and ready to go out of the *wet Dock* (*Captain DRIVER Commander.*) Before

Before he came, there was not a *breath of Wind stirring*, but he was no sooner got out of *Port*, and the *Chops of the Channel*, but the *Wind began to rise*, and there was a *brisk Gale*: And, thus, he sailed from *Portsmouth*, and the *Downs*, beyond the *Streights-Mouth*, and *Bum-bay* (touching first of all at the *Isle of Man*) over all the parts of the *World*; And tho' his *Bum-ketch* was a *leaky Vessel*, and the *Wind* sometimes very high, he was (never-the-less) ready to give a *Chase-Gun*, and a *broad side*, upon Occasion, and *TIT* for *TAT*.

He staid longest in the *Netherlands*, and low Countries, choosing to be in a *Fogh* or *Fogg*; where one day, a *Man with a Hatchet Face*, cut thro' him; Nevertheless he pass'd through *UPS-ALL*, *CLEVES*, *PORT-LAND*, *HAM-BOROUGH*, and so came backwards through *Holland*.

In his *Passage*, through the *World*, he met with many *Inter-ruptions*, and being somewhat *A-se-matick*, he puff'd and blow'd, all the *Way* he went, 'till he was almost out of *Breath*.

TOBY carried *Monseigneur le FARTS* *Baggage* and *Port-mantua*; and *Monseigneur le FIZZ's* *Baggs*; and his Brother *Monseigneur le POOPS* *Bundle*; he was a *necessary Companion*; But they had frequent *Fallings-out*.

Passing by *WATER-FORD* (in *Ireland*) *CORK*, had like to have put a stop to *Monseigneur le FART's* Journey, through that Country: Where the *Inhabitants* (taking *Dis-gust* at him, as not liking his *blustering-way*, for he was a meer *Rattle*, and used to *affront 'em*) hated him as a *Bum-bayliff*, and were more desirous of his *Room*, than his *Company*; accounting him a *Rapper-ree*, and were for *slitting his Wind-Pipe*.

So there he misapplied, and (tho' he had been a *Bog-trotter* himself, for many Years) the more he stir'd the worse 'twas for him. He argued
with

with the Wind, he might as well have saved his Breath to cool his Porridge; he was never so ruffled any where, in his born days, before.

They smelt a Rat, and were for turning him out for a Wrang-ler; and so used their Endeavours to stifle him, or squeeze him to Death (glad to get rid of him at any rate) In short, No-body wou'd have cared to have been in his Case.

They'd often throw him into a Bogg, and had him condemned for a Witch, or W-h-izzard and burnt In a Candle; and he came off of that but bluely.

He grew, every now and then, so boysterous, that they had him duckt for a Scold: He then seem'd indeed to be very much cast down, and deeply concerned, and so damp't you never saw the like. But he would even twittle-twattle in the Water (by the way of Di-gression, he was the first In-vent-or, and Pro-jector of Bub-bles) Thus he narrowly scaped a scow'ring, and under-went a great FAT-TEAGUE.

He was such a slippery Blade, the more they strove to re-strain him, he was the more apt to whip away from 'em, out of Reach: for he could, PROTEUS-like, change himself into different Shapes.

The Ladies, (tho' he was their most humble Servant, and attended at their Levees, and Couches) took Snuff at him, and laid a Trap for him, made in fashion of W-hoop'd Pettycoats, the Men did the like, in the Form of T-rowfers or Brogues: however, he made frequent Escapes from 'em all; for by means of a Crevice, he cou'd un-bolt a Back door (if it happened not to be open, for that was his ready way to go; But tho' they heard him plain enough, it signified nothing, and away scower'd he, as it were vanishing invisibly. In the mean time, his Man TOBY ran, at a Random-Rate, and (with much ado) got sh-t of 'em.

Now, so--it happen'd to fall out, that for all their searching, with a Hue, and Crye, and a Hubbub,

Hubbub, and Hubbubaboo, and all that : Catch him if they cou'd. He had got the Start, and out-strip't 'em, tho' they were in full-Scent after him, and imagined, for one while, they had him just under their Nose.

But at long run they gave him up for lost, and gone (at least for the Present) from those Parts : sending, at the same time, to their Countrymen in England (if they heard of him) to swear him to be a common Disturber ; And to get him bound to the Peace ; And serve a Writ upon him there *NE EXEAT REGNO* ; Or else get him ex-port-ed, to Terra del FOG-GO-SO.

At LAP-LAND (where the Witches sell Winds) he and his Relations were tyed up in Knots (after the manner of Fart-le-berries) and sold to the Sailors ; But Monsieur le FART first opened a Port-hole, and got clear off, for his own Part, in a fair Wind. His Brother le POOP struggled away, next, by that part of the Vessel which bears his Name, in a puffing Breeze ; after whom Monseieur le FIZZ got loose in a soft Gust, but somewhat hazy.

Where e'er they touched they were presently blown and smelt out, being too well known, every where to pass without Notice, but poor TOBY was left behind.

However, upon the Wind rising and tacking about, they all soon met together again : for they were never long parted asunder.

At length, (being obliged to land, at one of the Sink-ports, near a common Shoar) Monsieur le FART, being all Activity, on goes he, (without Fear, or Wit) and forced his full Body, at once, (too abrupt-ly, and without turning sideways) upon some Piles that lay in the way he was to pass through, which bruised him, till he groan'd again, and had like to have torn him in peices : And, (you must know,) TOBY was, at the same time, sorely dis-

may'd

may'd, and bloodily concern'd, and cou'd not help weeping. But, his Tears were wip'd off, after the rest of the Kindred crept through, more leisurely. Who, being slenderer, had the good Fortune to come off unhurt.

OUR TRAVELLER was a better Tenant, than Ordinary, for where he became an In-mate (which used to be in a middle Floor) he punctually paid his hole Rent, (often times before 'twas expected) even between the Quarters, tho' sometimes by Dribbets; he was down-right as to that Point. He lodg'd gratis, with the Brewers, and had from them, free Egrefs and Regrefs and Grains of Allowance, besides.

But, with some People, he'd behave himself so boysterous, turbulent, and noisy, and grow so troublesome, and Ob-streperous, and Storm, at such a Rate; that he was often expelled, and forced to turn out, and leave his Tenement, and Apartments, being ejected out of Possession.

When he happened to have a Grumbling in his Gizzard, he wou'd be vapouring, in a mighty Fume, even to such a Degree, as to make the Company void the Room, till his Heat was over.

When any One had Concerns of Moment to dispatch, and urgent Affairs upon them, and cou'd not well do their Business, without HIM, he wou'd, readily, lend his Arse-sistance, and freely launch out, upon Emergencies, and be as a Bully-Back, and help 'em to get rid of their Scrapes, and wou'd often stand in the Gap, in a Case of the utmost Necessity.

He'd give his Help to a pains taking Man, when required at a dead Lift in his Needs; And be a Friend at a Push, and enable him to discharge himself from his Incumbrances, in the very Nick
and

and pre-vent him from being bespatter'd, tho' at the same time, he involved himself over Head and E-arse in the Matter; yet, upon such Accounts, he'd rummage his Hoard, and throw away his Muck like Dirt: If he had never so small a Pittance, he'd give 'em somerhing; and somerhing, you know, has some savour; he was generous of it, and wou'd often toss away all that he had about him; tho' he strain'd a Point, he valu'd it no more than a T—; he could afford it, well enough, out of his daily Income; for he was very substantial, and had a good Bottom; tho' he had great Goings out, he had great Comings in; and if, in Case, he was ex-hausted, by Chance, for a little while, he cou'd soon re-plenish, by Re-mittances, and frequent Re-turns. He had a large Fund — and TOBY kept the Cash in his Back Counting-House, taking Care of the MAIN Chance:

When at Home, he was a meer Pinch Gut, but when got abroad very extra-vagant, and wou'd run out with great Profusion! but then, again, he'd keep Close, for a while, and bring his Matters into a narrow Compass, diverting himself in his own Inclosures.

His Conv-arse-ation had been more agreeable, had he not had a stinking Breath; therefore he was rarely intro-duced, without an Apology: And every one was generally shy to own he belonged to any Body in the Company.

Never-the-less, he was so very obliging, that, where any Persons were smoking Mun-dung-us, he'd be very free of his Box, or his Pipe, and wou'd very often give 'em a Whiff: And he had a double Fngg always by him (to wet his WHISTLE) at their Service, to take a Sup or a Gulp; which

he'd, sometimes, force into their Mouths in spite of their Teeth!

In the presence of any body (even of a *Middlesex Justice o' th' Peace*) he'd, frequently, out with a *Rapper*; and tho', for that Reason, every one voided him, as a common Nuisance, and grew ashamed of him; yet many a GREAT Body wou'd, sometimes, give half their Estate for his Company.

For being *Airy*, and like a *Jack-Pudding*, he served instead of a merry *Tayl*, to cause CACK-in-NATION, at which he was a perfect split Gut, a very Wag, and a *Fancy-tickler*.

When the *Reckoning* was to be paid, he'd be often call'd upon by the Company, with a *Come how shall we raise the Wind?* and never fail to pay his Shot.

Back-Gammon was one of his principal Diversions, and he'd often buff the Box, and secure Doublets. He was frequently at *Marrow-bone*, with rub, and a good Cast, upon the Bare; till he lost all his Cash.

He was, often, a *Double Dealer*, at Cards; and wou'd trump about, and be presently one and thirty, and make GAME: He had all his Tricks, and wou'd often play foul Play; but his chief Delight was playing at *Passage*, or my *Lady's Hole*.

He was often dis-gusted, and thought a *Grumble-tonian*; but there was no getting an insight into his Proceedings. He'd be counted sometimes (behind the Curtain) a *High-Flyer*, and *Tory-rory-Ranter*; yet, by his natural Instincts, he inclined to be of the *Low-Party*: Some say he was of no Side, but between both. By

By his *hidden Reserves, secret Contrivances, dark-Doings, and frequent Evasions*, he was thought to have been — the *In-vent-or* of *Gun-Powder*.

He came both to *Chappels of Ease*, and to *CON-vent-tickles*, and was reckon'd an *Occasionalist*, and a *Here-and-there-ian*. Some took him for a *Quaker*, as being full of the Spirit; yea, verily, the Spirit of *Uncleanness*! He was pretty much divided: He was no *Quietist*; some call'd him a *Separatist*, others a *Muck-le-tone-ian*; but most a *Nothing-Arian*.

He was in *Low Life*, at first, and an *In-holder* (at the Sign of the *Windmill*). He was frothy, out of Measure, but he *broach'd* unseasonably, and his *Vessels* were leaky: By giving too much *Vent*, to the *Bung-hole*, he was quickly *sower'd*; and (being naturally prone to make *Ex-cursions*, and *fly out*) he *ran behind*, on a sudden, and did not know which way to turn himself: He was reduced to great *Streights*, and put to his *Shifts*; very much out at *Heels*; *Crackt* his *Credit*; *Broke*, and became *Bank-rupt*; so 'twas Time to rub off, as he must needs, for *Necessity* has no Law.

But he was soon *re-cruited* again, with *fresh Supplies*, and had a little *House* assign'd him, to discharge himself, in an Office (that was judged the fittest Place for him) in a *middle Station*.

He was *fractious*, and delighted in *dirty Work*, which qualified him to be an *Under-strapper* to a *Bum* —, and after a *Petty-fogger* and *W-h-apping* *Sollicitor*: *Actions of Trespass* had been his frequent Business; he had abundance of *Chamber Practice*. He could not be

prevailed upon to *Plead* in *Abatement*, his chief Study was *Reports* and *Fee in Tayl*; for which *End*, after *bustling* all the Day, he'd often be *stirring* at *Midnight*, and all Hours, but *most an End* was *Rowsing* in a Morning by *Times*: And often (upon the Rake) *Roaring*, and *Singing*, about the Streets, all Night long.

But he would commit a good many *Blunders* and *Slips* like a *Bum-boozle*, even when he was *Master* of the *Cafe*. He was known to have his *Blindsides*, and to be guilty of many *Er-roars* in *Matter of Fact* and *Im-port-ance*, and sometimes *gross* ones. In short, when ever he made *Mistakes* he came but *sh-ly* off. He'd move in the *lowest Orb*, and *Foyst Scent-ences*, in docking *En tayls*, and in *In-dors-ments*, at all *E-vents*; but his *slippery Tricks* being often *heard of*, he was *thrown over* the Bar, and *dismist*, with a *Flea* in his *Ear*, and a *Sur-su-rara*: But he *crept behind* the Council, and was *hid under* their *Gowns* a good while, and no body there the wiser. *Toby* at the same Time *sat upon the Bench*, collecting *Reports*.

He *under-stood* *ARS MUSICA*, and its *Grounds*, being a *Note-able* *Musician*, he *play'd* in *Con-fort*.

TOBY, for all he had a *Fiz-tula* in *Ano*, had an extraordinary *Pipe*; his *Strains* were *Mel-odious*, and in his *Base Notes*, he had all his *Airs*, his *Graces*, and his *Refts*, for a set of *Sone-at-arse*; and had his *Cliff* ready for any *Key*: tho', now and then, he'd tune *Ef-Fault*, and make a *Slur*: He was often employ'd as a *Scotch Guitar*,

Monfieur

Monſieur le *FART* was both *Tenor*, and *Counter-tenor*, and wou'd run *Diviſions* in common *Time*: He cou'd ſing charmingly; had a *ſtrong Voice*, a *good Sound*; but was not always in the ſame *Tone*: for he had his *ſwelling Notes*, a *fine Quaver*, and *sweet Warbling*.

He'd be often *Whiſtling*, or *humming a Tune* to himſelf, like any *Beau*: He was a great *Lover* both of *Vocal*, or *Wind-Muſick*, as alſo *Instrumental*; from him the *Trumpet*, and *Muſick's Self* were taught their *Harmony*! He was a ſpecial *Gut-ſcraper*, if *skrew'd* to a *Pitch*, and cou'd do it with a *Flouriſh*, running, *Diviſions*, and *Sub-Diviſions*.

He cou'd play upon the *Bag-pipes* and *Bum-fiddle*; if you ask'd a *Tune* in *Base*, he'd ſometimes *Treble* it with *juſtle Rout All-A-Mire*, and *Notes* above *Ela*.

His Brother le *POOP* play'd *Brief*, *Semibrief*, *Minim Crotchet*, *Semiquaver*, *Demiquaver*, and *Sharp in Alt*.

Monſieur le *FIZZ*— was not *Muſical* at all, but upon the *Flat*.

Monſieur le *FART* was *calm* within-Doors, and quiet in his *private Retirement*; but when *Abroad*, very *buffing*, *bouncing*, *thundering*, and *ranting*, (being bred up under *M' ARS*—, call'd alſo *Belly-ger*.)

Our Hero was, for a while, an *Aid de Con*; he had a *Company* of *Fizzle-eers*, and acquitted himſelf, with *Courage*, in his *Poſt*.

TOBY was clad in *Buff-skin*, but he quickly *uncas'd*, and *stripp'd* himſelf *ſtark naked*, that he might *breath the freer*: And, being *advanc'd* towards

towards a Hedge, he had Opportunity of putting himself into a decent Posture, to annoy. He had a Fat-gutted-Corporal, with a good Body, with him.

A warning Gun let off was the first Signal, whereat he raised his Countenance, alert, and was ready to let fly.

Monsieur le FART, (being stop't in his Way at a Defile, or narrow Pass,) was forc'd to march, by making a small Front, but push'd on bravely, and intrepid, and forc'd his Way through.

Monsieur le POOP advanced to the Right, and Left, with tripple Discharge, and repeated Vollies.

Monsieur le FIZZ— brought up the Rear, but he was a meer Flash in the Pan, and cou'd never maintain it long, being given to Tergi-ar-se-ation.

TOBY join'd his right Hand to his Fire-lock, turning the Butt upwards, with his Elbows in a direct Line, and came to his proper Present, with the Muzzle of his Piece Breast-high: and being loaded with Ammunition, full charg'd with Cartridge sufficient in his Cartouch-Box, prim'd, and cock'd, (he wore also Bandoleers) and ready to fire, he look'd terrible, as a Cack-o-demon, to those who were in sight of his stern Visage, Carc-a-se, and battering-Bum, full of Sulphur, prepar'd to discharge all his Implements.

Monsieur le FART being ex-ar-se-spirated, began to storm, and Canonade (with his Coehorn Battery planted in the Rear) thick as Hail; with all his Artillery, terribly bouncing, enough to blow up all in his Way, and rended the very Skies with his Bum-barding.

Bum-

*Bum-ballo, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur.**

Le POOP with his *random Shot*, and *popping*, made a prodigious *splutter*, but in the *E-vent*, came off but *shi — nly*.

Le FIZZ— had the Misfortune to burst his *Fizzzee*, and after a *narrow Escape*, came off but *sneakingly*.

TOBY stood by, and supported 'em, levelling his *Shot*, in a *direct Line*, without *mounting* or *sinking* the *Muzzle*, to *batter the Works*, and *sweep all near at hand*; and *scour the length of the Line*.

Besides the *scatter'd Troops*, he had a *Corps de Reserve*; and tho' he look'd like a *Blunderbuss*, he had a *great deal of Warmth* in him. But, as he had been *hard put to it*, he did not come off without *Loss of Blood*.

Monfieur le FART, at length, rallying his *Forces*, came off with *Tokens of Honour*, and *Tat-t-rd Colours*.

Being first display'd, the *Colours* were *fur'd*, and TOBY began to *tuck up*; recover'd his *Arms*, and rested his *But-End*, or *Breech of his Piece* on the *Ground*, in the *Field (of Battle)* and having nothing further to do, 'till he shou'd be *alarm'd*, upon a *fresh Occasion*, bent his *Rout*, in order to *Winter-Quarters*, where he'd sometimes give himself a *Loose*, and was ready to *over-run the Country*, but came off, generally, *maul'd and besmear'd*; however, he *raised Recruits*, and *Must'r'd up Forces*, and *fresh Supplies* for Monfieur le FART.

After

* *Farnab. Rhet.*

After which, in a following Engagement, in the Bed of Honour, Monsieur le *FART*, upon opening the Trenches, furiously sallying forth made his approaches towards the Out-works, and Ram-parts, pass'd the Flanks, bore through the cover'd Way, and fell foul of the Curtain, and forth-with made a rattling, or running Fire, call'd *Feu de Joy*, being only Smoke without Ball.

In Duelling our Hero was a dangerous *Adv-arse-airy*; 'twas with him but a Word, and a Blow, lugging out in a Moment, and then he'd always throw away the Scab-bard.

His defensive Posture, was a Posture of Offence, infomuch as you cou'd not tell how to avoid him in *Flank-in-Aid*: He'd make a Feint, and aim at the Heel, and hit the Nose; there was no Fencing against him, for he'd-thrust, and make his home Pass, and go thro' the Body in a Push, or two,

Monsieur le *FART*, in Process of Time, growing in Years, found himself not right Current, Crup-sick, Costive, not in a right Cu', he was cast down in the Mouth, out of Tune, his Spirits were sinking, very much dejected, and languishing; he felt several Com-motions, with a Palpitation, and glow'd inwardly; the *Stamina Vitæ* were decay'd: Some thought he would have the falling Sickness, or else Fits of his Mother.

He was w-rapp'd in Flannel to help him to Per-spire, which, on the contrary, almost smother'd him; his Wind-Pipe was out of order, and he became affected with ill Symptoms

toms ; as a *Hoarsness*, or rattling, in his *Throat*, with a *Singultus*, or *hooping Hickock* ; his *Breath* was very hot, and began to *smell fetid*, or (what the old Women call) *fainty*, and *Earthy*.

Some thought he was poison'd with *Arsenic* ; others, that the *Sphincter of his Prodicular Vessels* was out of order ; and by his grunting and groaning, that he had broke a *Gut*, and was drawing near his *End*, and *Dissolution*.

He had abundance of *Wind*, occasion'd by *Crudities indigested*, (some adjudged it to be because he was not *Pepper-proof*) which caused the *Humours* to *sub-side* ; this they propos'd to divert by *Re-vulsion*, and something to make him *Belch* —

He was advis'd to *Hem* and *pluck up his Spirits*. *Phishe* — quo'he, with a *Sigh*, which was all he could do, for a while. He had sometimes *Fits of squeaking and skreaming*, and *roared like mad* ; but they cou'd not contrive to *tye him down* in his *Bed*.

They had a *sweet Time* on't, you'l say, that *look'd after him*.

But he wanted for no *Helps*, *Sal Volatile Oleosum* was used, and some other *Nose-strums*, for he lay *speechless* a while.

At length he was put out of his *Pain* (but he had *foul-play* for his *Life* (by an unskilful *Apothecary*, who *killed him out-right*, tho' he did all he cou'd to save him, and fed him at his *Mouth* like a *Baby*: finding his *Pulsation* quick and irregular, he was for having him undergo an *Operation*, and prepared him for it, with a *Carminative Clyster*; which soon

did his Work (being charged with *Ants Eggs*, which egg'd him on to his latter End, and Carry-away Seeds, which brought him off by their forcible Quality) This gave him terrible Con-cussions and Con-vulsions, and by a Purgative besides, threw him into a *Flux*; he was loth to part, but the flow of Humours, being very gross, almost suffocated him; thus he lay languishing, in *Extremis*, past Hopes of Recovery, with a great Effusion of Spirits, which were almost exhaled. *PUN-AID* cou'd not help him. Thus gasping, ready for his Winding-sheet, he ex-spir'd, and parted with his *Breath* from his Body. At his Exit, he made a *Hyde-ous Noise*, and went off the Stage, and summed up his *Quietus est*.

Thus happened his sad *Cat-arse-trophy*! His *Loss* was not so much lamented, because those, who knew the World, said: He was better out than in, and some cry'd, e'en let him go; a good *Riddance*.

But he was not altogether *Ex-stinct*, having left a great many behind him, who multiply daily to infinite Numbers; so that his Memory will never Die, tho' it st—nks.

By his Will *Nuncupative*, (or, by Word of Mouth) he left his w-Hale to his next in lineal De-scent, to be his *Air* in *præ-sent*; but to be enjoy'd by the *Collaterals*, after the respective Demise of the *Issuants* from the direct Line.

There were two Substantial *Testes*, or *Witnesses*, at the *Premises*, just by him, besides *T O B R* (at one, and the same Time) which were sufficient: For the *Bulk* of what he left behind him was all Personal. He

He was brought out in a *Cough-in*, and carried in a *He-arse* to be *In-t-rd*. Abundance of dismal Fizzes, (besides the *Under-takers*) attended his *last Remains*.

As he had made a *Noise in the World*, 'twas Pity he shou'd go out on't without one.

The *Motto* upon his *Atchievement* was;
VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

I have not heard, (as yet) of any *IN-QUISITION* *post Mortem*, nor Coroner's *In-QUEST* of him.

TOBY remained behind, spreading various Reports abroad, *SPARGERE VOCES*, in *VULGUM*, *AMBIGUAS*, as you may find to be his *Drift*, if you look *Backward*: And, it will be so, to

THE END.

